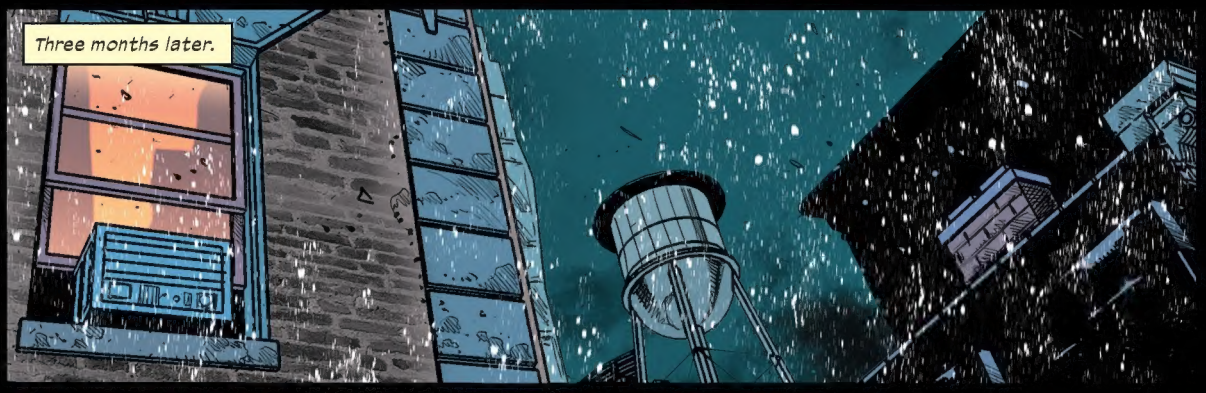
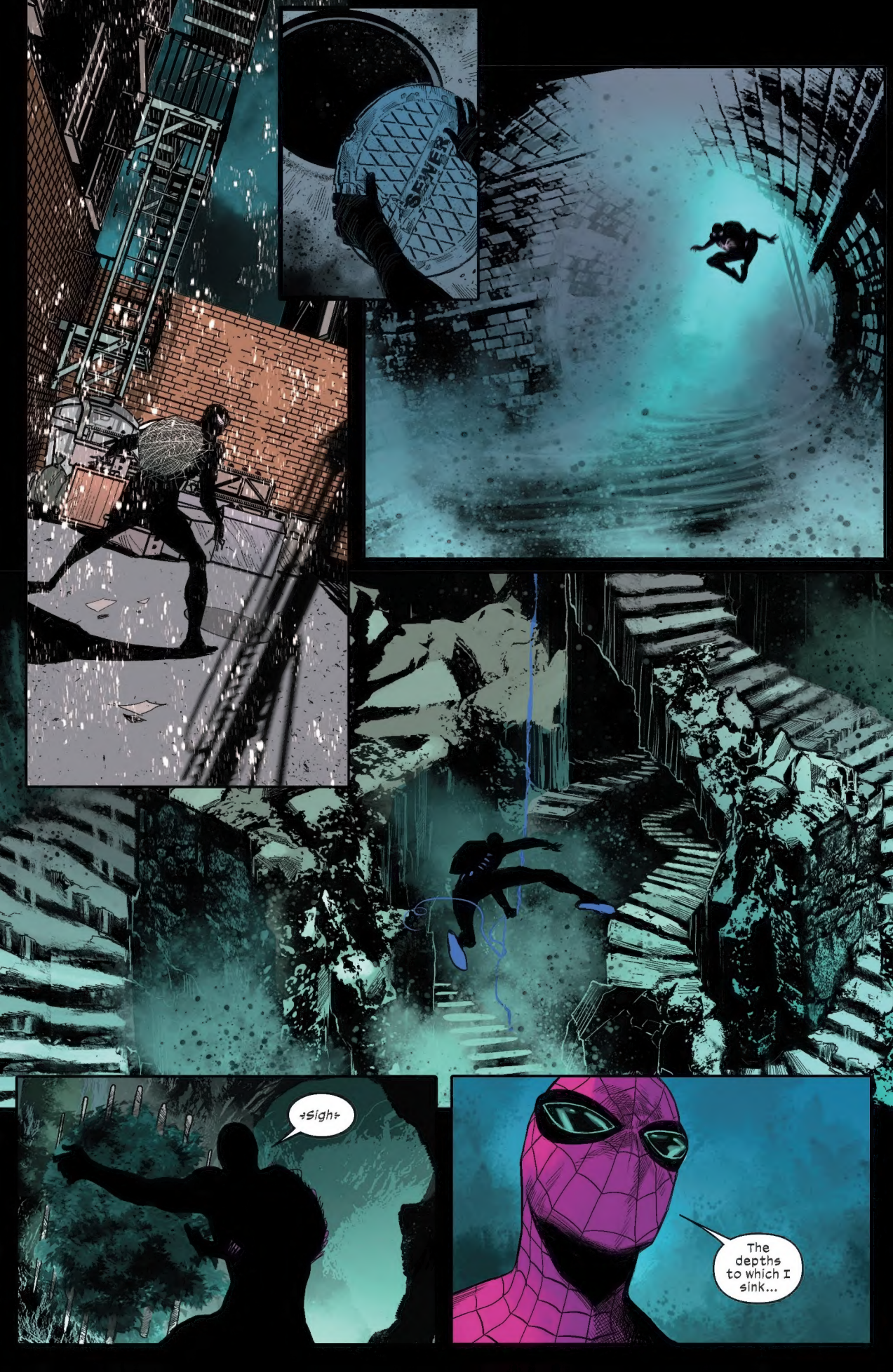
MARVEL
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN
22
HICKMAN
CHECCHETTO | ARCINIEGA
OCT. 2025 | RATED T



DECEMBER

Hey!
Look out!
Hello. I have a pickup.
For Mr. Mann.
Mr. S. Mann.
...
Sure. Here you go.
Is the order correct?
Yes.
Are you sure? No soy sauce?
Because I was very clear. No soy sauce.
Yes.
I hope it's right. Because if it isn't...I'll be back.
Hey, wait!
No tip?


SEWER
Sigh
The depths to which I sink...

Hiding deep in the earth... beneath the great behemoth of the city.
Like something small and inferior...
When I am so much more...
When I am so very superior.

Wow. Gotta say...
...that was fast.
If you want something done right...
Uh-huh. May, go tell everyone that dinner's here.
Okay...
I hope they didn't forget the soy sauce, because they always forget the soy sauce.
And I love soy sauce.
I'm sure it's in there. I was very clear.
I said, "There better be soy sauce in that bag. Or else."
Thanks, Otto.
You're the best.
Yes...
Yes, I am.

Are they ready to broadcast yet?
Soon. I think.
I finished all the packaging last night. Final edits are happening now.
Hmmmm.
TAP TAP TAP
TAP TAP TAP
It's not a poetry contest...
You need to lose the adverbs, Ben. Badly.
See, that's what I love about you, Jonah.
You could wait until I'm done to edit the piece, but here you are...standing over my shoulder editing line by line. Diligently, efficiently, annoyingly.
TAP TAP TAP

How much longer?
Couple hours.
We could be ready to go tonight--
But we'll drop it first thing tomorrow. And then throughout the day.
It'll be the only thing anyone is talking about.
Just remember. There is a limit to how many bursts we can push out before the signal can be traced.
I built all this as well as it could be done, but... like I said...*there are limits.*
Also, I got dinner.
Thank god. I'm starving.
And look what I have here. Soy sauce...just in case they forgot to put some in the bag.
And don't worry about the trace. You said the threshold was four...so we kept it to three. Just to be safe.
Everything's going to be fine.
Please don't touch me.

Anyone got the...
...plates?
Thank you.
Okay, everyone have a seat. Dinner's served.
Thanks to the Amazing Otto.
That's not my na--
Wait. Where are Peter and Harry?
Oh. Peter said to go ahead and eat without them...

"...they might be running a little late."

Bullseyes...
We've been smashing these guys for over a year, you'd think by now they'd have learned their lesson or gotten some new--
ZZAKKKK
SKRANG
--upgrades.
Sorry, pal. That one's on me.

No problem at all, Spider-Man...
I happen to have gotten some upgrades of my own.
THUNK
KRRRRRR
BRAWWWL
Cool.
Maybe a tad excessive. But cool.
So what were all these guys doing here now?
It's not how they--
I wouldn't overthink it. See Bullseye. Hit Bullseye. Be home in time for dinner.
Speaking of...

If you hurry, you can still make it.
What about you?
I'll admit you got me a little curious, so I'm gonna stick around...
See if anything pops up.
Come on home, man. It'll help to be around everyone.
No. All it does is remind me that you've got a great family. And I don't...*not anymore.*
Plus, you know, one can only take so much Otto.
...
Harry.
Really, Pete. It's fine.
Gwen's... *gone.* I miss her, but...what else am I going to do besides this?
...
Okay. Promise you'll yell if you need me?
Uh-huh. Comms are working fine.
So if I yell, you better come runnin'.
You yell, I'll be here.

All clear.
What a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive.
I'm so proud of you, son.
I want him safe.
There's nothing more to it.
Of course.
And why wouldn't you lie to him, if all you're going to do is lie to yourself.
...
...
-Sigh-

Later.
This'll do it. This...is exactly what we need.
You see, I've studied how the people who really run this world operate...
I've studied them. I've studied their methods...and more than that...
...I've studied their master.
The great Maker.
A great builder of societies...
A great builder of machines.
It took some time. A deep dive into all the records that Stane/Stark possessed and following all those threads to their origin...
You see? There's a string at the center of the world. It connects a series of nodes that all connect to the Maker's fabled City itself.
An ocean of knowledge that all rivers flow to...
...and I've built this to infect it.

What is it?
A worm. A subtle, self-replicating parasite that eats the tiniest portion of all that knowledge.
Put this device in the right place and it will erase any existing--and more important than that--any future acquisition of information regarding your family.
And you too, right?
Of course... along with any of our other small number of allies.
What's the catch?
It has to be connected to one of the Maker's nodes.
And the only accessible one on this continent is located in the heart of the Kingpin's empire...
If only there was someone brave enough to do this.

...
subtle.
...
Well.
It needs to
be done.
Then why
don't you do it
instead of trying to
get me grounded
again?
Because...
...to get to
the node, someone
would need to break
into one of the most
secure vaults in this
hemisphere.
Why, one
could argue that
only one of the greatest
thieves in the history of
the world could pull
off something like
this...
Know
anyone like
that?

No Harry?
Again?
He wanted to stay out. He's still working through stuff. Struggling.
I'm worried about him.
Me too. I mean, we should be...
Still...it's been three months and we keep hoping he's going to "get through this"...
It's so dumb.
If it was you? I'd never get over it.
Well, better hope nothing ever happens to me, then.
Because I'd move on. Meet someone who's home all the time and doesn't work so hard.
Someone who'll sweep me off my feet.
Totally understandable. You really could do a lot better.
Just curious. What's this hypothetical dream guy look like?
I dunno...
Never seen his face. He wears a mask.

Later.
Would you look at that--
Hey. Maybe don't ruin the mood, Tiger.
Sorry.
--sun's setting on another day in paradise.
Heh. Some paradise.
We're living underground. Hiding from a world run by madmen who really, really want to kill us.
This is perfect. You're perfect. It's just...
What?
All day long, I've just had this feeling... it's gnawing at me and...
What?
I feel like something terrible is about to happen.

Overlooking Fisk Tower.
FWISHHH

Well... that's no way to say hello.
THWORP
What are *you* doing here?
One: I was actually looking for you...
And two: Believe it or not, I'm on a mission.
I'm ***supposed*** to break into that building and place this device where it needs to go.
I could save my family-- *and I made sure it could also save you--* ***so I'm doing it.*** And there's nothing Kingpin can do to stop me.
You should know...
I've followed Mr. Negative here.
So? I'm still going.
But I could ***really*** use ***your help.*** Wanna get into some trouble?
...
Definitely.

Elsewhere.
Is he in there?
Yes. It's like he doesn't even care what I've done...
I see a dozen more enhanced humans and *the target* two floors down from the roof.
Time to go in, then...

Are you with us?
Are you with us?
Are you with us?
Are you with us?
Are you with me, Harry?
TO BE CONTINUED...